



AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

THOMAS GREGG, EDITOR.

'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—IS WEALTH—IS HONOR.'

H. J. HOWARD, PRINTER

NEW SERIES, VOL. I. No. 22.

St. Clairsville, Ohio, December 21, 1833.

WHOLE NUMBER 30.

SELECTED TALE.

[The following tale, by Mrs. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, of Hartford, Conn., is extracted from the Religious Souvenir for 1834—a beautiful Philadelphia Annual, edited by the Rev. G. T. Bedell.]—*Ed. Literary Cabinet.*

THE INTEMPERATE.

'Come along,' said James Harwood to his wife, who, burdened with two children, followed his steps. Her heart was full, and she made no reply.

'Well, be sullen if you choose, but make haste you shall, or I will leave you behind in the woods.'

Then, as if vexed because his ill-humor failed to irritate its object, he added in a higher tone—

'Put down that boy. Have I not told you, twenty times, that you could get along faster if you had but one to carry. He can walk as well I can.'

'He is sick,' said his mother: 'feel how his heart throbs. Pray take him in your arms.'

'I tell you, Jane Harwood, once for all, that you are spoiling the child by your foolishness. He is no more sick than I am. You are only trying to make him lazy. Get down, I tell you, and walk,' addressing the languid boy.

He would have proceeded to enforce obedience, but the report of a gun arrested his attention. He entered a thicket, to discover whence it proceeded, and the weary and sad hearted mother sat down upon the grass. Bitter were her reflections during that interval of rest among the wilds of Ohio. The pleasant new England village from which she had just emigrated, and the peaceful home of her birth, rose up to her view—where, but a few years before, she had given her hand to one, whose unkindness now strewed her path with thorns. By constant and endearing attentions he had won her youthful love, and the two first years of their union promised happiness. Both were industrious and affectionate, and the smiles of their infant in his evening sports or slumbers, more than repaid the labors of the day.

But a change became visible. The husband grew inattentive to his business, and indifferent to his fireside. He permitted debts to ac-

cumulate, in spite of the economy of his wife, and became morose and offended at her remonstrances. She strove to hide, even from her own heart, the vice that was gaining the ascendancy over him, and redoubled her exertions to render his home agreeable. But too frequently her efforts were of no avail, or contemptuously rejected. The death of her beloved mother, and the birth of a second infant, convinced her that neither in sorrow nor in sickness could she expect sympathy from him to whom she had given her heart, in the simple faith of confiding affection. They became miserably poor, and the cause was evident to every observer. In this distress, a letter was received from a brother, who had been for several years a resident in Ohio, mentioning that he was induced to remove further westward, and offering them the use of a tenement which his family would leave vacant, and a small portion of cleared land, until they might be able to become purchasers.

Poor Jane listened to this proposal with gratitude. She thought she saw in it the salvation of her husband. She believed that if he were divided from his intemperate companions, he would return to his early habits of industry and virtue. The trial of leaving native and endeared scenes, from which she would once have shrunk, seemed as nothing in comparison with the prospect of his reformation and returning happiness. Yet, when all their effects were converted into the wagon and horse which were to carry them to a far land, and the scant and humble necessities which were to sustain them on their way thither; when she took leave of her brothers and sisters, with their households, when she shook hands with the friends whom she had loved from her cradle, and remembered that it might be for the last time; and when the hills that encircled her native village faded into the faint, blue outline of the horizon, there came over her such a desolation of spirit, such a foreboding of evil, as she had never before experienced. She blamed herself for these feelings, and repressed their indulgence.

The journey was slow and toilsome. The autumnal rains and the state of the roads were against them. The few utensils and comforts which they carried with them were gradually abstracted and sold. The object

of this traffic could not be doubted. The effects were too visible in his conduct. She reasoned—she endeavored to persuade him to a different course. But anger was the only result. When he was not too far stupified to comprehend her remarks, his deportment was exceedingly overbearing and arbitrary. He felt that she had no friend to protect her from insolence, and was entirely in his own power; and she was compelled to realize that it was a power without generosity, and that there is no tyranny so perfect as that of a capricious and alienated husband.

As they approached the close of their distressing journey, the roads became worse, and their horse utterly failed. He had been but scantily provided for, as the intemperance of his owner had taxed and impoverished every thing for his own support. Jane wept as she looked upon the dying animal, and remembered his laborious and ill-repaid services.

'What shall I do with the brute,' exclaimed his master; 'he has died in such an out of the way place, that I cannot find any one to buy his skin?'

Under the shelter of their miserably broken wagon, they passed another night, and early in the morning pursued their way on foot. Of their slender stores, a few morsels of bread were all that remained. But James had about his person a bottle, which he no longer made a secret of using. At every application of it to his lips, his temper seemed to acquire a new violence. They were within a few miles of the termination of their journey, and their directions had been very clear and precise.—But his mind had become so bewildered, and his heart so perverse, that he persisted in choosing by-paths of underwood and tangled weeds, under the pretence of seeking a shorter route. This increased and prolonged their fatigue; but no entreaty of his wearied wife was regarded. Indeed, so exasperated was he at her expostulations, that she sought safety in silence. The little boy of four years old, whose constitution had been feeble from his infancy, became so feverish and distressed, as to be unable to proceed. The mother, after in vain soliciting aid and compassion from her husband, took him in her arms, while the youngest, whom she had previously carried, and who was unable to walk, clung to her

shoulders. Thus burdened, her progress was tedious and painful. Still she was enabled to go on; for the strength that nerves a mother's frame toiling for her sick child, is from God. She even endeavored to press on more rapidly than usual, fearing that if she fell behind, her husband would tear the sufferer from her arms, in some paroxysm of his savage intemperance.

Their road during the day, though approaching the small settlement where they were to reside, lay through a solitary part of the country. The children were faint and hungry; and as the exhausted mother sat upon the grass, trying to nurse her infant, she drew from her bosom the last piece of bread, and held it to the parched lips of the feeble child. But he turned away his head, and with a scarcely audible moan, asked for water. Feelingly might she sympathize in the distress of the poor outcast from the tent of Abraham, who laid her famishing son among the shrubs, and sat down a good way off, saying, 'Let me not see the death of the child.' But the christian mother was not in the desert, nor in despair. She looked upward to Him who is the refuge of the forsaken, and the comforter of those whose spirits are cast down.

The sun was drawing towards the west, as the voice of James Harwood was heard issuing from the forest, attended by another man with a gun, and some birds at his girdle.

'Wife, will you get up now, and come along? We are not a mile from home. Here is John Williams, who went from our part of the country, and says he is our next door neighbor.'

Jane received his hearty welcome with a thankful spirit, and rose to accompany them. The kind neighbor took the sick boy in his arms, saying,

'Harwood, take the baby from your wife; we do not let our women bear all the burdens here in Ohio.'

James was ashamed to refuse, and reached his hands towards the child. But, accustomed to his neglect or unkindness, it hid its face, crying, in the maternal bosom.

'You see how it is. She makes the children so cross, that I never have any comfort of them. She chooses to carry them herself, and always will have her own way in every thing.'

'You have come to a new settled country, friends,' said John Williams: 'but it is a good country to get a living in. Crops of corn and wheat are such as you never saw in New England. Our cattle live in clover, and the cows give us cream instead of milk. There is plenty of game to employ our leisure, and venison and wild turkey do not come amiss now and then on a farmer's table. Here is a short cut I can show you, though there is a fence or two to climb. James Harwood, I shall like well to talk with you about old times and old friends down east. But why don't you help your wife over the fence with her baby?'

'So I would, but she is so sulky. She has not spoken a word to me all day. I always say, let such folks take care of themselves till their mad fits is over.'

A cluster of log cabins now met their view through an opening in the forest. They were pleasantly situated in the midst of an area of cultivated land. A fine river, surmounted by a rustic bridge of the trunks of trees, cast a sparkling line through the deep, unchanged autumnal verdure.

'Here we live,' said their guide, 'a hard-working, contented people. That is your house which has no smoke curling up from the chimney. It may not be quite so genteel as some you have left behind in the old states, but it is about as good as any in the neighborhood. I'll go and call my wife to welcome you; right glad will she be to see you, for she sets great store by folks from New England.'

The inside of a log cabin, to those not habituated to it, presents but a cheerless aspect. The eye needs time to accustom itself to the rude walls and floors, the absence of glass windows, and doors loosely hung upon leathern hinges. The exhausted woman entered and sank down with her babe. There was no chair to receive her. In the corner of the room stood a rough board table, and a low frame resembling a bedstead. Other furniture there was none. Glad, kind voices of her own sex, recalled her from her stupor. Three or four matrons, and several blooming young faces, welcomed her with smiles. The warmth of reception in a new colony, and the substantial services by which it is manifested, put to shame the ceremonious and heartless professions, which in a more artificial state of society are dignified with the name of friendship.

As if by magic, what had seemed almost a prison, assumed a different aspect, under the ministry of active benevolence. A cheerful flame rose from the ample fire-place; several chairs and a bench for the children appeared; a bed with comfortable coverings concealed the shapelessness of the bedstead, and viands to which they had long been strangers were heaped upon the board. An old lady held the sick boy tenderly in her arms, who seemed to revive as he saw his mother's face brighten, and the infant, after a draught of fresh milk, fell into a sweet and profound slumber. One by one the neighbors departed, that the wearied ones might have an opportunity of repose. John Williams, who was the last to bid good night, lingered a moment before he closed the door, and said,

'Friend Harwood, here is a fine, gentle cow feeding at the door; and for old acquaintance sake, you and your family are welcome to the use of her for the present, or until you can make out better.'

When they were left alone, Jane poured out her gratitude to her Almighty Protector in a flood of joyful tears. Kindness to which she had recently been a stranger, fell as balm of Gilead upon her wounded spirit.

'Husband,' she exclaimed, in the fullness of her heart, 'we may yet be happy.'

He answered not, and she perceived that he heard not. He had thrown himself upon the bed, and in a deep and stupid sleep was dispelling the fumes of intoxication.

This new family of emigrants, though in

the midst of poverty, were sensible of a degree of satisfaction to which they had long been strangers. The difficulty of procuring ardent spirits in this small and isolated community, promised to be the means of establishing their peace. The mother busied herself in making their humble tenement neat and comfortable, whilst her husband, as if ambitious to earn in a new residence the reputation he had forfeited in the old, labored diligently to assist his neighbors in gathering their harvest, receiving in payment such articles as were needed for the subsistence of his household. Jane continually gave thanks in her prayers for this great blessing, and the hope she permitted herself to indulge of his permanent reformation, imparted unwonted cheerfulness to her brow and demeanor. The invalid boy seemed also to gather healing from his mother's smiles; for so great was her power over him, since sickness had rendered his dependence complete, that his comfort, and even his countenance, were a faithful reflection of her own. Perceiving the degree of her influence, she endeavored to use it, as every religious parent should, for his spiritual benefit. She supplicated that the pencil, which was to write upon his soul, might be guided from above. She spoke to him in the tenderest manner of his Father in Heaven, and of His will respecting little children. She pointed out his goodness in the daily gifts that sustain life; in the glorious sun as it came forth rejoicing in the east, in the gently-falling rain, the frail plant, and the dews that nourish it. She reasoned with him of the changes of nature, till he loved even the storm, and the lofty thunder, because they came from God. She repeated to him passages of scripture with which her memory was stored; and sang hymns, until she perceived that if he was in pain, he complained not, if he might but hear her voice. She made him acquainted with the life of the compassionate Redeemer, and how he called young children to his arms, though the disciples forbade them. And it seemed as if a voice from Heaven urged her never to desist from cherishing this tender and deep-rooted piety; because, like the flower of grass, he must soon fade away. Yet, though it was evident that the seeds of disease were in his system, his health at intervals seemed to be improving, and the little household partook for a time, the blessings of tranquility and content.

But let none flatter himself that the dominion of vice is suddenly or easily broken. It may seem to relax its grasp and to slumber, but the victim who has long worn its chain, if he would utterly escape, and triumph at last, must do so in the strength of Omnipotence. This, James Harwood never sought. He had begun to experience that prostration of spirits which attends the abstraction of an habitual stimulant. His resolution to recover his lost character was not proof against this physical inconvenience. He determined, at all hazards, to gratify his depraved appetite. He laid his plans deliberately, and—with the pretext of making some arrangements about the wagon, which had been left broken on the road,

departed from his home. His stay was protracted beyond the appointed limit, and, at his return, his sin was written on his brow, in characters too strong to be mistaken. That he had also brought with him some hoard of intoxicating poison, to which to resort, there remained no room to doubt. Day after day did his shrinking household witness the alternations of causeless anger and brutal tyranny. To buy waste the comfort of his wife, seemed to be his prominent object. By constant contradiction and misconstruction, he strove to distress her, and then visited her sensibilities upon her as sins. Had she been more obtuse by nature, or more indifferent to his welfare, she might with greater ease have borne the cross. But her youth was nurtured in tenderness, and education had refined her susceptibilities, both of pleasure and pain. She could not forget the love he had once manifested for her, nor prevent the chilling contrast from filling her with anguish. She could not resign the hope that the being who had early evinced correct feelings and noble principles of action, might yet be won back to that virtue which had rendered him worthy of her affections. Still, this hope deferred was sickness and sorrow to the heart. She found the necessity of deriving consolation, and the power of endurance wholly from above. The tender invitation by the mouth of a prophet, was as balm to her wounded soul,—as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and as a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, have I called thee, saith thy God.

So faithful was she in the discharge of the difficult duties that devolved upon her—so careful not to irritate her husband by reproach or gloom—that to a casual observer she might have appeared to be confirming the doctrine of the ancient philosopher, that happiness is in exact proportion to virtue. Had he asserted that virtue is the source of all that happiness which *depends upon ourselves*, none could have controverted his position. But, to a woman, a wife, a mother, how small is the portion of independent happiness. She has woven the tendrils of her soul around many props. Each revolving year renders their support more necessary. They cannot waver, or warp, or break, but she must tremble and bleed.

There was one modification of her husband's persecutions which the fullest measure of her piety could not enable her to bear unmoved. This was unkindness to her suffering boy. It was at first commenced as the surest mode of distressing her. It opened a direct avenue to her heart-strings. What began in perverseness seemed to end in hatred, as evil habits sometimes create perverted principles. The wasted and wild-eyed invalid shrank from his father's glance and footstep, as from the approach of a foe. More than once had he taken him from the little bed which maternal care had provided for him, and forced him to go forth in the cold of the winter storm.

'I mean to harden him,' said he. 'All the neighbors know that you make such a fool of him, that he will never be able to get a living. For my part, I wish I had never been called

to the trial of supporting a useless boy, who pretends to be sick only that he may be coaxed by a silly mother.'

On such occasions, it was in vain that the mother attempted to protect her child. She might neither shelter him in her bosom, nor control the frantic violence of the father. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease which might else have yielded. The timid boy, in terror of his natural protector, withered away like a blighted flower. It was of no avail that friends remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hoary-headed men warned him solemnly of his sins. Intemperance had destroyed his respect for man and his fear of God.

Spring at length emerged from the shades of that heavy and bitter winter. But its smile brought no gladness to the declining child. Consumption fed upon his vitals, and his nights were restless and full of pain.

'Mother, I wish I could smell the violets that grew upon the green bank by our old, dear home.'

'It is too early for violets my child. But the grass is beautifully green around us, and the birds sing sweetly as if their hearts were full of praise.'

'In my dreams last night I saw the clear waters of the brook that ran by the bottom of my little garden. I wish I could taste them once more. And I heard such music too, as used to come from that white church among the trees, where every Sunday the happy people meet to worship God.'

The mother saw that the hectic fever had been long increasing, and knew there was such an unearthly brightness in his eye, that she feared his intellect wandered. She seated herself on his low bed, and bent over him to soothe and compose him. He lay silent for some time.

'Do you think my father will come?'

Dreading the agonizing agitation which, in his paroxysms of coughing and pain, he evinced at the sound of his father's well-known footstep, she answered—

'I think not, love. You had better try to sleep.'

'Mother, I wish he would come. I do not feel afraid now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek to his once more, as he used to do when I was a babe in my grand-mother's arms. I should be glad to say good-bye to him, before I go to my Saviour.'

Gazing intently in his face, she saw the work of the destroyer, in lines too plain to be mistaken.

'My son—my dear son—say, Lord Jesus receive my spirit.'

'Mother,' he replied, with a sweet smile upon his ghastly features, 'he is ready. I desire to go to him. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her. That is all. Now sing to me, and oh! wrap me close in your arms, for I shiver with cold.'

He clung with a death grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge.

'Sing louder, dear mother, a little louder, I cannot hear you.'

A tremulous tone, as of a broken harp, rose

above her grief, to comfort the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as she joined it to his—one shudder—and all was over. She held the body long in her arms, as if fondly hoping to warm and vivify it with her breath. Then she stretched it upon its bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred solitude, alone with the dead. Nothing save the soft breathing of the sleeping babe fell upon that solemn pause. Then the silence was broken by a wail of piercing sorrow. It ceased, and a voice arose, a voice of supplication, for strength to endure, as 'seeing Him who is invisible.' Faith closed what was begun in weakness. It became a prayer of thanksgiving to Him who had released the dove-like spirit from the prison-house of pain, that it might taste the peace and mingle in the melody of Heaven.

She arose from the orison, and bent calmly over her dead boy. The thin, placid features wore a smile, as when he had spoken of Jesus. She composed the shining locks around the pure forehead, and gazed long on what to her had been beautiful. Tears had vanished from her eyes, and in their stead was an expression almost sublime, as of one who had given an angel back to God.

The father entered carelessly. She pointed to the pallid, immovable brow. 'See he suffers no longer. He drew near and looked on the dead with surprise and sadness. A few natural tears forced their way, and fell on the face of the first born, who was once his pride. The memories of that moment were bitter. He spoke tenderly to the emaciated mother; and she, who a short time before was raised above the sway of grief, wept like an infant as those few affectionate tones touched the sealed fountains of other years.

Neighbors and friends visited them, desirous to console their sorrow, and attended them when they committed the body to the earth. There was a shady and secluded spot which they had consecrated by the burial of their few dead. Thither that whole little colony were gathered, and, seated on the fresh springing grass, listening to the holy, healing words of the inspired volume. It was read by the oldest man in the colony who had himself often mourned. As he bent reverently over the sacred page, there was that on his brow which seemed to say 'this has been my comfort in my affliction.' Silver hairs thickly covered his temples, and his low voice was modulated by feeling, as he read of the frailty of man, withering like the flower of grass, before it groweth up; and of His majesty in whose sight 'a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and a watch in the night.' He selected from the words of that compassionate One who gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth them in his bosom, 'who pointing out as an example the humility of little children,' said 'Except ye become as one of these ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven,' and who calleth all the weary and heavy laden to come unto him, that he may give them rest. The scene called forth sympathy, even from manly bosoms. The mat-

er, worn with watching and weariness, bowed her head down to the clay that concealed her child. And it was observed with gratitude by that friendly group, that the husband supported her in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers.

He returned from this funeral in much mental distress. His sins were brought to remembrance and reflection was misery. For many nights his sleep was disturbed by visions of his neglected boy. Sometimes he imagined that he heard him coughing from his low bed, and felt constrained to go to him, in a strange disposition of kindness, but his limbs were unable to obey the dictates of his will. Then he would see him pointing with a thin dead hand to the dark grave, or beckoning him to follow to the unseen world.—Conscience haunted him with terrors, and many prayers from pious hearts arose, that he might now be brought to repentance. The venerable man who had read the Bible at the burial of his boy, counselled and entreated him, with the earnestness of a father, to yield to the warning voice from above, and to break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by turning unto the Lord.

There was a change in his habits and conversation, and his friends trusted it was permanent. She who above all others, was interested in the result, spared no exertions to win him back to the way of truth, and to soothe his heart into peace with itself, and obedience to his Maker. Yet was she doomed to witness the full force of grief and of remorse upon intemperance, only to see them utterly overthrown at last. The reviving virtue, with whose indications she had solaced herself, and even given thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning dew. Habits of industry which had begun to spring up, proved themselves to be without root. The dead, and his cruelty to the dead, were alike forgotten. Dissatisfaction to the chastened being, who against hope still hoped for his salvation, resumed its dominion. The friends who had alternately reprov'd and encouraged him, were convinced that their efforts had been of no avail. Intemperance, like the strong man armed, took possession of a soul that lifted no cry for aid to the Holy Spirit, and girded on no weapon to resist the destroyer.

Summer passed away, and the anniversary of their arrival at the colony returned. It was to Jane Harwood a period of sad and solemn retrospection. The joys of early days, and the sorrows of maturity, passed in review before her, and while she wept, she questioned her heart, what had been its gain from a father's discipline, or whether it had sustained that greatest of all losses—the loss of its affections.

She was alone at this season of the communion. The absence of her husband had become more frequent and protracted. Astorm which feelingly reminded her of those which had often beat upon them when homeless and weary travelers, had been raging for nearly two days. To this cause she imputed the unusually long stay of her husband.

Through the third night of his absence she lay sleepless, listening for his steps. Sometimes she fancied she heard shouts of laughter, for the mood in which he returned from his revels was various. But it was only the shriek of the tempest. Then she thought ebullition of the frenzied anger rang in her ears. It was the roar of the hoarse wind through the forest. All night long she listened to those sounds, and hushed and sang to her affrighted babe. Unrefreshed she arose and resumed her morning labors.

Suddenly her eye was attracted by a group of neighbors, coming up slowly from the river. A dark and terrible foreboding oppressed her. She hastened out to meet them. Coming toward her house was a female friend, agitated and tearful, who, passing her arm around her, would have spoken.

"Oh, you come to bring me evil tidings; I pray you let me know the worst."

The object was indeed to prepare her mind for a fearful calamity. The body of her husband had been found, drowned, as was supposed, during the darkness of the proceeding night, in attempting to cross the bridge of logs, which had been partially broken by the swollen waters. Utter prostration of spirit came over the desolate mourner. Her energies were broken down, and her heart withered.—She had sustained the privations of poverty and emigration, and the burdens of unceasing labor and unrequited care, without murmuring. She had lain her first born in the grave with resignation, for faith had heard her saviour saying, "Suffer the little child to come unto me." She had seen him in whom her heart's young affections were garnered up become 'persecutor' and injurious, a prey to vice the most disgusting and destructive. Yet she had borne up under all. One hope remained with her as an anchor of the soul, the hope that he might yet repent and be reclaimed. She had persevered in her complicated and self-denying duties with that charity which 'beareth all things, believeth all things—endureth all things.'

But now, he had died in his sin. The deadly leprosy which had stolen over his heart, could no more be purged by sacrifice or offering forever.—She knew not that a single prayer for mercy had preceded the soul on its passage to the High Judge's bar. There was bitter dregs in this grief, which she never before had wrung out.

Again the sad-hearted community assembled in their humble cemetery. A funeral in an infant colony awakens sympathies of an almost exclusive character. It is as if a large family suffered. One is smitten down whom every eye knew, every voice saluted. To bear along the corpse of the strong man, through the fields which he had sown, and to cover motionless in the grave that arm which trusted to have reaped the ripening harvest, awakens a thrill deep and startling in the breast of those who wrought by his side during the burden and heat of the day. To lay the mother on her pillow of clay, whose last struggle with life was perchance to resign the hope of one more brief visit to the land of her fathers,

whose heart's last pulsation might have been a prayer that her children should return and grow up within the shadow of the school house and the church of God, is a grief which none, save emigrants, may participate. To consign to their narrow noteless abode, both young and old the infant and him of hoary hairs, without the solemn knell, the sable train, the hallowed voice of the man of God, giving back, in the name of his fellow Christians, the most precious roses of their pilgrim path, and speaking with divine authority of Him who is the 'resurrection and the life,' adds desolation to that weeping with which man goeth downward to his dust.

But with heaviness of an unspoken and peculiar nature was this victim of vice borne from the home that he troubled, and laid by the side of his son, to whose tender years he had been an unnatural enemy. There was sorrow among all who stood around his grave, and it bore features of that sorrow which is without hope.

The widowed mourner was not able to raise her head from the bed when the bloated remains of her unfortunate husband were committed to the earth. Long and severe sickness ensued, and in her convalescence a letter was received from her brother, inviting her and her child to an asylum under his roof, and appointing a period to come and conduct them on their homeward journey.

With her little daughter, the sole remnant of her wrecked heart's wealth, she returned to her kindred. It was with emotions of deep and painful gratitude that she bade farewell to the inhabitants of that infant settlement, whose kindness, through all her adversities, had never failed. And when they remembered the example of uniform patience and piety which she had exhibited, and the saint-like manner in which she had sustained her burdens and cherished their sympathies, they felt as a tutelary spirit had departed from among them.

In the home of her brother, she educated her daughter in industry, and that contentment which virtue teaches. Restored to those friends with whom the morning of life had passed, she shared with humble cheerfulness the comforts that earth had yet in store for her; but in the cherished sadness of her perpetual widowhood, in the bursting sighs of her nightly orison, might be traced a sacred and deep-rooted sorrow—the memory of her erring husband, and the miseries of unreclaimed intemperance.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

THE ANGEL OF THE LEAVES.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Alas! alas! said the sorrowing tree, my beautiful robe is gone! It has been torn from me. Its faded pieces whirl upon the wind; they rustle beneath the squirrel's foot, as he searches for his nut. They float upon the passing stream, and on the quivering lake. Wo is me! for my fair green vesture is gone!

It was the gift of the angel of the leaves!—I have lost it, and my glory has vanished: my beauty has disappeared. My summer hours have passed away. My bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent in a thousand parts. Who will leave me such an other? Piece by piece, it has been stripped from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of one, ere another wandered off on the air. The sound of music cheers me no more. The birds that sang in my bosom were dismayed at my desolation. They have flown away with their songs.

I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my robe with his smile. The zephyrs breathed softly through its glassy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them. My shadow was wide upon the earth. My arms spread far on the gentle air; my head was lifted high: my forehead was fair to the heavens. But now how changed! Sadness is upon me; my head is shorn, my arms are stripped; I cannot throw a shade on the ground. Beauty has departed, gladness has gone out of my bosom; the blood has retired from my heart, it has sunk into the earth. I am thirsty, I am cold. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air. The keen blast comes pitiless among them. The winter is coming, I am destitute. Sorrow is my portion. Mourning must wear me away. How shall I account to the angel who clothed me, for the loss of his beautiful gift?

The angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentation.

“My beloved tree,” said he, “be comforted! I am by thee still, though every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among the boughs, but let my whisper console thee. Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me; keep my promise in thy heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the words I leave with thee, abide and cheer thee thro’ the coming winter. Then I will return and clothe thee anew.

“The storm will drive over thee, the snow will sift through thy naked limbs. But these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavily on thy helpless arms, but it shall soon dissolve in tears. It shall pass into the ground and be drunken by thy roots, then it will creep up in secret beneath thy bark. It will spread into the branches it has oppressed, and help me to adorn them. For I shall be here to use it.

“Thy blood has now only retired for safety. The frosts would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother’s bosom for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent, she knows the wants of all her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them.

“The sap that has for a while gone down, will make thy roots strike deeper and spread wider. It will then return to nourish thy heart. It will be renewed and strengthened. Then, if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my promise, I will fulfil it. Buds shall shoot forth on every side of thy boughs. I will paint it and fit in every part. It shall be a comely raiment. Thou shalt forget thy present sorrow. Sadness shall be swallowed up in joy. Now my beloved tree, fare thee well for a season!

The angel was gone. The muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. The storm came and howled round the tree. But the word of the angel was hidden in her heart; it soothed her amid the threatenings of the tempest. The ice-cakes rattled upon her limbs, they loaded and weighed them down. “My slender branches,” said she, “let this burden not overcome you. Break not beneath this heavy affliction, break not but bend, till you can spring back to your places. Let not a twig of you be lost! Hope must prop you up for a while; and the angel will reward your patience. You will move upon a softer air. Grace shall be again in your motion, and beauty hanging around you?”

The scowling face of winter began to lose its features. The raging storm grew faint, and breathed its last. The restless clouds fretted themselves to atoms; they scattered upon the sky and were brushed away. The sun threw down a bundle of golden arrows. They fell upon the tree; the ice-cakes glittered as they came. Every one was shattered by a shaft, and unlocked itself upon the limb. They are melted and gone.

The reign of spring had come. Her blessed ministers were abroad on the earth; they hovered in the air; they blended their beautiful tints, and cast a new created glory on the face of the heavens.

The tree was rewarded for her trust. The angel was true to the object of his love. He returned, he bestowed upon her another robe. It was bright, glossy, and unsullied. The dust of summer had never settled upon it; the scorching heat had not faded it; the moth had not profaned it. The tree stood again in loveliness; she was dressed in more than her former beauty. She was very fair; joy smiled around her on every side. The birds flew back to her bosom. They sang on every branch a hymn to the Angel of the Leaves.—*Token for 1834.*

FRAGMENT OF AN EASTERN STORY.

Beneath the umbrageous boughs of a Banian tree three brothers were reclined. They were all youthful princes—sons of a mighty monarch of the East, and the lineal descendants of the glorious Tamerlane. The hot blood of that illustrious conqueror was not yet cooled in the veins of his posterity—the same ambition which elevated him to the sovereignty of one fourth of the world now inspired into their bosoms an earnest desire of being retained in the memory of mankind, and of having their names engraven on the tablet of immortality. But they differed widely as to the means of effecting this their grand object. The eldest said to his brothers, “When in the course of nature my father shall be called from this world, by the right of primogeniture, I shall be required to ascend the throne, lord of a boundless empire, and of inexhaustible wealth, I will collect all the great architects of the world, and employ them in building palaces that shall rival with Yeman’s gems, Bassora’s gold, and Samarcand’s diamonds, the effulgence of the noon-day sun—Cities shall rise at my command, and all my court shall

be one dazzling scene of splendor and magnificence—so when Death shall come he can take my body only, while my name engraven on the pillars of my erection, shall remain co-existent with the endurance of time.”

He ceased, and the second one spoke—“It is my father’s pleasure, said he, that when you come to the throne, I should be made commander of all the armies of the kingdom. My duty will be to protect your empire; but I will not stop here. My arms shall be carried to the utmost bounds of Asia—like my great progenitor I will exalt my friends to be kings and princes, and I will build towers of the heads of my enemies until nations shall flock to me for protection; until my name shall become assurance of victory to my countrymen and of terror to my enemies. Thus the glorious deeds of the warrior will not be forgotten with the petty occurrences of life, and I shall be remembered when your proud palaces shall have mouldered into dust.”

It was now the turn of the youngest to speak, but he was silent. His brothers pressed him to let them know his future plans of life, and with much difficulty they drew from him these words—“I acknowledge the means by which I must merit the notice of mankind to be but humble—I crave not the monarchs wealth, or the warrior’s fame; my life shall be devoted to the delightful but unassuming pursuits of learning and the ardor which my instructors have instilled into me shall ever be cherished. My innoxious pen shall be all the sword which I shall wield; and if mankind are pleased with what I write for their instruction and amusement I shall receive all the praise I desire—but if not, then must I, like many millions of my fellow beings, die and be forgot.” At this declaration of his unassuming views his brothers could not refrain from laughter, and told him deridingly that not one drop of a prince’s blood flowed through his veins.

Years rolled away—the eldest brother, now king, carried into effect all the splendid schemes of his youth—nations looked on and admired, and princes envied him the monuments of his magnificence. Believing himself the greatest monarch that ever lived, he took leave of the world, exulting in his hopes of immortality. The second brother, as he had surmised, was appointed to the command of the armies. Far over the world his reputation was extended, and he was esteemed the greatest warrior of his age. To recount all his victories were a laborious task—suffice it to say, that while living his wildest dreams were more than realized.

The youngest pursued his humble studies unnoticed and unknown, save by a few friends who preferred modest worth to assuming grandeur. They preserved, after his death, all the relics of his genius, and presented them to the world for their admiration and applause.

Ages passed—these three brothers returned from the land of Spirits, and sought to learn what traces of their deeds upon earth as yet remained, and which was held in most estimation by mankind. The king sought for

his splendid edifices, but alas, their walls, robbed by barbarian hordes of the precious gems, and fine wrought gold with which he had adorned them, had long since mouldered into common earth; nor could he discover the very sites of his once magnificent cities. Since his death Time had driven his ploughshare over the face of his native land, and overturning the stately palace with the humble cot, had left them both to decay together in one common oblivion.

The Warrior met with no better welcome from Fame—the wide gap he had made in the human family by the sword was long since closed, and all the vestiges of his once glorious existence were now obliterated forever.

But the third had a fertile source of exultation. Wherever he travelled over earth, he heard his written morals quoted and applauded by the wise. At every cottage door he heard his amatory songs chaunted by the youthful virgins; while his hymns to his gods and his country were the delight of the pious and the brave.

They all returned to their Spiritual abodes, satisfied that the only mode of gaining a station in the kind recollection of mankind, is to perform such acts as may be pleasing and beneficial, and not such as may awe, terrify and annihilate our fellow men.—*Chappel-Hill, (S. C.) Harbinger.*

CIVILIZATION AND BARBARISM.

What is civilization? Noah Webster says, it is the "state of being civilized—the state of being refined in manners."—What then is refinement? "A nice observance of the civilities of social life," says he, and the seeker of the definition vibrates like the pendulum of a clock between two words, learning only that civilization is refinement, and that refinement is civilization.

Let us be permitted to define a little.—Civilized people are those whose manners are like our own, in whatever country we happen to be born,—and barbarians, are those whose manners and customs are different from ours. Here for instance, a civilized man is one who wears breeches, boots, a shirt, coat and hat; who eats with a knife and fork, and drinks tea and coffee, with his breakfast. Pass to the banks of the Arkansas, and the wigwams of the west, and there the man is civilized who wears a blanket—drinks water, (*rum* is the offspring of civilization) and sleeps on the ground. There the civilized lady bores holes in her nose and suspends her ornaments to that very respectable organ—here the refined lady bores holes in her ears for a similar purpose. What is there abstractly more civilized in the ears than in the nose?—Yet we laugh at the squaw in a blanket, and with her nasal ornaments, and call her a savage.

Again—Mr. Brown comes down from Buffalo, and meets his old friend Smith, in Broadway. Their right hands meet and a violent shaking ensues. "What are those men fighting about?" says the tropical African to his white friend. "Fighting! poh! They are old friends that have not met for a long time,

and they are expressing their good will towards each other by shaking hands." "What barbarians! why in my country, when two friends meet, they rub their noses together!" "What savages!" says the white man.

The ceremonious Mr. Fitzgerald meets the courtly Mr. Clarence, and each raises his beaver. "What does that mean?" says Hassan Oglou. "We are saluting each other," is the reply. "What a ridiculous custom, (says Hassan) in my country, we salute, by clapping both hands on the forehead, and making a slow saalaam." "What barbarians!" exclaim the Congees, "in my land whenever two gentlemen meet, they snap the thumb and fore finger at each other." "How ludicrous!" says the white man. Spirit of common sense! wilt thou deign to tell us whether the manners and customs of any one of the three are more ridiculous than those of the other?

The Persian pulls his meat to pieces with his fingers, and eats horse flesh.—"Shocking!" says the New Yorker, as he sits down at a game dinner to a dish of bear's meat. The Indian cooks his *rattle snake* much to the horror of brother Jonathan, who breakfasts on stewed eels. The Abyssinian cuts a steak from his cow, sews the skin over the wound, and lets the animal go about her business, till another fit of hunger, leads him to cut off another slice. "The unfeeling wretch!" cries the European butcher, as he sticks a pig in the throat and looks complacently on the expiring grunter.

The Moorish lady stains her hair, and the ends of her fingers with saffron. "Dear me, how strange!" says lady Barbara Belle, and away she goes to her toilette, to *rogue* for the evening ball. The Chinese woman compresses her feet to the length of a paper of tobacco. The fair peripatetic of Broadway laughs at the absurd custom, and screws her waist to the dimensions of a Spanish cigar. The Turk goes to market and buys half a dozen wives. "The brute!" exclaims the civilized beauty of fashionable life, and marries the richest suitor she can find.

Now then, have we not satisfactorily proved, that civilization consists in our own way of doing things? Let common sense answer.—*N. Y. Standard.*

ICE PALACE.

The annals of the reign of Catherine II., make mention of one ephemeral palace, which like that of Pandæmonium,

"—Out of the earth, a fabric huge,
Rose like an exhalation;"

and like an exhalation vanished, not leaving a wreck behind. From a true and particular account of this ice palace, drawn up by Kraft, an imperial academician, and published at St Petersburg the year after its erection, it appears, that seven years before, an ice castle had been built on the river Neva; but the ice bent under the weight of the edifice and of the soldiers who garrisoned it. To avoid a similar defect in the foundation, it was resolved, on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Galitzin, in 1740, to erect a palace of ice on terra firma; and a site was chosen between

the imperial winter palace and the admiralty, one of the lords of the bedchamber being appointed to superintend the works.—The palace was constructed of blocks of ice, from two to three feet thick, cut out of the winter covering of the Neva; these being properly adjusted, water was poured between them, which acted as cement, consolidating the whole into one immense mass of ice.—The length of the edifice was fifty-six feet, its breadth seventeen feet and a half, and its height twenty-one. It was constructed according to the strictest rules of art; and was adorned with a portico, columns, and statues. It consisted of a single story, the front of which was provided with a door and fourteen windows; the frames of the latter, as well as the panes, being all formed of ice. The sides of the doors and of the windows were painted in imitation of green marble. On each side of the door was a dolphin, from the mouths of which, by means of naphtha, volumes of flames were emitted in the evening. Next to them were two mortars, equal to eighty pounders, from which many bombs were thrown, a quarter of a pound of powder being used for each charge. On each side of the mortars stood three cannons, equal to three pounders, mounted upon carriages, and with wheels, which were often used. In the presence of a number of persons attached to the court, a bullet was driven, through a board two inches thick, at the distance of sixty paces, by one of these cannons, a quarter of a pound of powder being also used for a charge. The interior of the edifice had no ceiling, and consisted of a lobby and two large apartments, one on each side, which were well furnished, and painted in the most elegant manner, though formed merely of ice.—Tables, chairs, statues, looking-glasses, candlesticks, watches, and other ornaments, besides tea-dishes, tumblers, wine-glasses, and even plates with provisions in one apartment also formed of ice, and painted of their natural colors; while in the other were to be seen a state bed, with curtains, bed pillows, and bed clothes, two pair of slippers, and two night caps of the same cold material. Behind the cannon, the mortars, and the dolphins, stretched a low balustrade. On each side of the building was a small entrance.—Here were pots with flowers and orange trees, partly formed of ice, and partly natural, on which birds sat. Beyond these were erected two icy pyramids. On the right of one of them stood an elephant, which was hollow, and so contrived as to throw out burning naphtha; while a person within it, by means of a tube, imitated the natural cries of the animal. On the left of the other pyramid was seen the never-failing concomitant of all princely dwellings in Russia, a banya, or bath, apparently formed of barks, which is said to have been sometimes heated, and even to have been appropriate to use.

The appearance of the ice palace, it is said, was remarkably splendid when lighted up in the evening with numerous candles.—Amusing transparencies were usually suspended in the windows to increase the effect;

and the emission of flames by the dolphins and the elephant, all tended to excite greater surprise, while the people beheld the crystalline mass.

Thus, there wanted not, to carry on the parallel between this place and the magical edifice which Milton describes,

"—Many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielding light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admitting entered, and the work some praised
And some the architect."

Crowds of visitors were continually seen around this fantastic and unique construction, which remained entire from the beginning of January almost to the middle of March. The glassy fabric then began to melt, and was soon afterwards broken into pieces, and the ruins were conveyed to the imperial ice-cellar. On the wisdom displayed in the construction of this costly emblem of mundane glory, the reader may make his own comment.

CURRAN.

One morning, at an inn in the south of Ireland, a gentleman travelling upon mercantile business, came running down stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stage coach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly fellow leaning against the doorpost, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him and ordered him to brush his coat. The operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveller cursed the lazy varlet for an idle, good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot, if he did not make haste and finish his job well before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed the coat and then the trowsers, with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend the quondam waiter, seated snugly in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances, to be sure that his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity—but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming, "Oh, never mind, make no apologies—these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way—I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job—my name, sir, is John Philpot Curran, pray what is yours?" The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction; but the drollery of Curran soon overcome his confusion; and the traveller never rejoiced less at the termination of a long journey, than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of the setting sun.

THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—Many of our readers will probably remember, that nearly four years since, an expedition to the Arctic Re-

gions was fitted out in England, by Capt. Ross and his nephew, too able and experienced navigators, the former of whom was chosen commander. So long an interval had elapsed since the last accounts from these intrepid sailors, that serious fears were entertained for the safety and even existence of the party. Another expedition, under the command of Capt. Back, was accordingly dispatched for their "possible rescue and relief." This "*forlorn hope*," as it was appropriately termed, has, however been superseded by the arrival at Hull, in Yorkshire, on the 18th Oct. of "Captain Ross, with the whole of his party except three, two of whom died on his passage out, and one at a later period." The most cordial reception was every where given to "the hardy veteran," who "was dressed in seal-skin trowsers, with the hair outwards, over which he wore a faded uniform; and the weather-beaten countenance of himself and his companions, bore evident marks of the hardships they had undergone, although they appeared in excellent health."

As it respects the primary object of the expedition, which was to discover a "*north-west*" passage between the Western and Eastern Continents, the attempt may be safely termed a final one—"the result having been to establish, that there is no new [N. W.] passage south of 74 degrees." But "the true position of the magnetic pole, has been discovered, and much valuable information obtained, for the improvement of geographical and philosophical knowledge." Indeed, "on the whole, it may be truly said, that this expedition has done more than any that preceded it; and let it be remembered that Capt. Ross and his nephew were volunteers, serving without pay, for the attainment of a great national object, in prosecuting which they have lost their all."

"With what intense anxiety," says the London Literary Gazette, "will the public look for the narrative of their adventures! And how satisfactory must it be to the subscribers to that fund which has dispatched Captain Back's expedition in search of them, that this manifestation of good feeling took place; that the country's name was rescued from the disgrace of leaving them to their fate; and that regardless of the bodings of croakers, a course was adopted alike honorable to the parties, and, now, so grateful to the hearts of their restored countrymen."

The latest intelligence received in England from Captain Back, was conveyed in letters dated Norway House, Jack river, 19th June, the tenor of which was favorable. A dispatch, by a winter express, is to be forwarded to him, "acquainting him with Capt. Ross's return, and directing him to turn his attention now entirely to the second object of his mission, namely—completing the coast line of the north-eastern part of America, of which little more than one hundred and fifty miles remain to be traced."—*Literary Inquirer.*

The Philadelphia Gazette has announced a forthcoming "Quarterly Review," to be published in that city.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Literary Cabinet and Olive Branch.

THE JOYS OF CHILDHOOD.

ARK—"Oft in the stilly night."

Where are those pleasures now,
That cheered life's early morning—
Like dew-drops on a bough,
Its opening buds adorning?
The young, the gay—where, where are they?
Companions of my childhood!
The smile—the song, so loud and long,
That echoed through the wildwood?
Thy tomb, O Mem'ry! now
Contains those joys forever—
Love's smile, and Friendship's vow—
Which Death alone could sever.

That smile, forever fled—
That vow, dissolved and broken—
The heart, now cold and dead—
Which glow'd with love unspoken—
The sweet perfume of flowers that bloom,
Each hill and vale adorning,
Are like the joys, the childish toys,
Of Life's unsullied morning.
They flourish but to fade,
Like Rainbow-hues of even,
When night extends her shade
Along the vault of Heaven.

Mt. Pleasant 833.

LITERARY CABINET, AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

EDITED BY THOMAS GREGG.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, DECEMBER 21, 1833.

"When you have nothing to say, say nothing."

This is an old adage which we have thought proper to adopt as our rule on certain occasions—and it might be better for us, were we to observe it at all times more closely than we do. This must be our apology, however, for the want of editorial matter in the present No.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening Nov. 19, at the residence of Peter Young, Columbiana county, by the Rev. Wm. Reed, Mr. SANFORD C. HILL, to the amiable Mrs. SARAH SANBURY.

"Theirs be the bliss connubial, which so long,
Has topp'd the climax of the poet's song,
Blessing and blest, oh! may they long contrive,
To keep the vestal flame of love alive,
And with the force of demonstration prove,
The art of pleasing is the art of love."

"Tu quidem auxisti meum admirationem
non adempti."

On Wednesday the 11th inst., by the Rev. Hugh Parks, Mr. SAMUEL HAWTHORN, to Miss HANNAH HUTCHINSON, near Harrisville.

DIED

On Thursday the 19th inst., Mrs. MORRISON, wife of Mr. Joseph Morrison, of this place.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE SONG THE CRICKETS SING.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

I cannot to the city go,
Where all in sound and sight
Declares that nature does not know
Or do a thing aright.
To granite wall, and tower, and dome
My heart could never cling.
Oh! no—I'd rather stay at home
And hear the crickets sing.

I'm certain I was never made
To run a city race,
Within a human palisade
That's never changing place.
Their bustle, fashion, art and show,
Were each a weary thing;
Amid them, I should sigh to go
And hear the crickets sing.

If there, I might no longer be
Myself, as now I seem,
But lose my own identity,
And walk as in a dream.
Or else, with din and crowd oppressed,
I'd wish the sparrow's wing,
To fly away and be at rest,
And hear the crickets sing.

The fire-fly rising from the grass
Upon her wings of light,
I would not give for all the gas
That spoil their city sight!
Not all the pomp and etiquette
Of citizen or king,
Shall ever make my ear forget
The song the crickets sing.

I find in hall and gallery,
Their imitation faint
Compared to my live brook and tree,
Without a touch of paint.
And, from the brightest instrument
Of pipe, or key, or string,
I turn away, and feel content
To hear the crickets sing.

For who could paint the beaming moon
That's smiling through the bough
Of yonder elm, or play the tune
The cricket's singing now?
Not all the silver of the mine,
Nor human power could bring
Another moon, like her to shine,
Or make a cricket sing.

I know that when the crickets trill
Their plaintive strains by night,
They tell us, that from vale and hill,
The Summer takes her flight.
And, were there no renewing Power,
'T would be a mournful thing,
To think of fading leaf and flower,
And hear the crickets sing.

But why should change with sadness dim
The eye, when thought can range
Through other worlds and fly to Him,
Who is without a change?
For, He who meted out the years
Will give another Spring—
He rolls alike the shining spheres
And makes the crickets sing.

And when another Autumn strips
The Summer's leaves away,
Should silence sit upon the lips
That breathe and move to-day:
The time I've past with nature's God,
Will never prove a sting,
Though I've adored him from the sod
On which the crickets sing.—PEARL.

A Microscope is now exhibiting in London
which magnifies 2,500,000 times.

The following beautiful hymn, from the gifted pen of Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, was written for the ninth triennial festival, of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association.

HYMN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Widow!—long estranged from gladness,
In thy cell so lonely made,
Where chill Penury's cloud of sadness
Adds to grief a sterner shade,
See! the searching eye has found thee,—
Pitying hearts confess thy claim,
Bounteous spirits shed around thee,—
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Orphan!—in despondence weeping,
Crushed by want and misery dire,
Or on lowly pallet sleeping,
Dreaming of thy buried sire,—
Hands, like his, shall toil to aid thee,
Stranger arms be round the cast,
And a Father, ever near thee,
Fit the shorn lamb to the blast.

Brethren!—by the precious token
That the sons of mercy wear,
By the vows we here have spoken,
Graved in truth and sealed with prayer,—
Penury's dark lot we will brighten,
Misery with compassion meet,
And the heart of sorrow lighten,
Till our own shall cease to beat.

PROSPECTUS

Of the Second Volume of the Literary Cabinet, to be enlarged, improved, and published weekly, with the title of

THE WESTERN GEM,

And Cabinet of Literature, Science, and News.

The publisher of the Literary Cabinet proposes to commence the Second Volume with new and important improvements. Encouraged by the general manifestation among his friends, of a willingness to support a WEEKLY JOURNAL, of a Literary and Scientific character, he has resolved to commence the publication weekly, on or about the First of January, 1834. The character of the paper will undergo a considerable improvement; it being the intention of the editor to furnish a greater proportion of matter of a solid and instructive kind, to the exclusion of that which is light and uninteresting. It is the determination of the editor to spare no pains to render his paper a "GEM" worthy of admission into every family circle, and one, to the pages of which every member of a family may apply for instruction or entertainment. The following will be the order and character of its various departments.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.—Under this head will be included all the selected articles from foreign or American journals, which will not class more properly under the Scientific department. They will consist of Tales, Sketches, Essays, Poetry, Biography, History, &c. As the editor will have access to some of the best literary magazines and journals in the country, he confidently expects to be able to make this department as interesting as that of any other western periodical.

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.—This department of the paper will be made unusually interesting. In addition to the occasional contributions of writers in different parts of our country, the editor has had the promise of assistance from Geo. W. Thomson, & C. C. Carroll, Esqrs. both of whom are favorably known as writers in

the various departments of Literature,—and also from some others, whose names he is not permitted to make public.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.—Sectional politics and religious controversy will be strictly avoided. But in every thing else the editor shall give his pen a free range;—on all occasions endeavoring to maintain that candid course so necessary to the success of a journal, and without which none can be respectable. This department, however, will be principally devoted to subjects connected with the literature of our country—particularly that portion of it usually denominated THE WEST.

DEPARTMENT OF NEWS.—In this place will be given a synopsis of the latest news, both foreign and domestic. As the limits of the paper will not permit of extended and minute details of passing events, only a condensed summary of that which shall appear most interesting to the general reader, and that which relates to subjects of Literature, Science, and Philanthropy, will be given. For the purpose of putting as much news as possible in a small compass, the matter for this department will be principally re-written.

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.—It is intended to reduce this department of the paper to some fixed plan, instead of following the common method of an indiscriminate selection, as heretofore. Cuts will occasionally be given, for the purpose of illustrating the more difficult branches of science; this will be a new and important additional feature, which will add to its interest and usefulness, and considerably increase the expenses of the publication.

TERMS.

THE WESTERN GEM, and Cabinet of Literature, Science, and News, will be published weekly on a Royal sheet, of fine quality, and good type, in Quarto form, making a yearly volume of 416 large pages, (about three times the matter contained in the present volume,) and furnished at the end of the year with a Title page and Index. Price of subscription, Two Dollars a year, in advance—or Two Dollars and Fifty cents when payment is not made in six months from the commencement of the volume.

Local agents will be allowed twelve and a half per cent, on all monies collected, beside a copy of the work. It is expected that persons accepting agencies will make exertions to obtain subscriptions, upon these liberal terms. Any person who procures three subscribers, and makes payment in advance, shall receive a bound copy of volume first.

Letters and communications must be post paid to insure attention—addressed to

THOMAS GREGG,
St. Clairsville, Ohio.

ITEMS.

During the year 1834, there will be three eclipses, two of the moon, and one of the sun; the latter on Sunday, Nov. 30, which in some parts of the United States will be total.

An extensive and valuable mine of antimony has lately been discovered in Litchfield, Connecticut.

The Nantucket Inquirer says, there is a flourishing fig tree in the garden of Thomas Macy, Esq. of that town, the ripened fruit of which is pronounced fully equal to that growing in Charleston.

The population of London in 1750, was 676,250; in 1810, 900,000; and now, with the suburbs, it amounts to a million and a half.